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# Chapter 24

## "OLYMPUS COLOSSEUM"







TIS' NEARLY  
PITCH IN HERE




SHAN'T YOU  
ILLUMINATE YOUR  
QUARTERS SOME?




I LIKE IT IN THE  
DARK. IT'S MORE  
RELAXING.




AS YOU  
PLEASE, CHILD.



IT IS FOR YOUR USE THAT  
WE PREPARED THIS SUITE,  
AFTER ALL YOU MAY DO  
WITH IT AS YOU WISH.




SHALL  
YOU AID THE  
INTERESTS OF  
THE CONCERN,  
THEN?



... I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR  
BASKET, LADY, BUT ...




... FOR THE  
MOMENT, I'LL GO  
ALONG WITH  
YOUR PLANS.



Looks like you've got a soft spot for the boy.

HADES...

I suppose you've got 'im cast for some sorta starring role in the upcoming spectacle?




Friendly bit of advice, but, uh, stabbin' coworkers in the back ain't the best way to promote productivity or morale. I hope for your sake that that ain't what you're planning.



... no matter.

... fine, ignore me, then. Frigid bitch.



It isn't as if she's got a monopoly on all the pieces in the game ...

Time to have myself a little fun, looks like ...



THE MORE WE  
TRAVEL, THE  
MORE STUFF WE  
GOTTA FIND ...

WE SHOULD JUST  
POST A SIGN ON THE  
GUMMI SHIP ADVERTISING  
OURSELVES AS PRO-  
FES-  
SIONAL GET-BACKERS  
OR SOMETHING. "ITEMS  
RECOVERED OR YOUR  
MONEY BACK."

AWW, STOP IT  
ALREADY ...

WHAT!? WE'RE  
LOOKIN' FOR  
STUFF ANYWAYS!

THE WAY THINGS  
ARE GOING,  
IT'S LIKE WE'RE  
STRAYING A LITTLE  
FURTHER FROM OUR  
OBJECTIVE EVERY  
STEP OF THE TRIP...

EHP?

WHAT'S  
THIS?

**PUSH  
ME!**

!?  
WAS THIS  
BUTTON HERE  
BEFORE?

**Yo, kids!**

**How's it  
hanging!?**

**SWAH!??**

CID!?

WHEN'D YOU...

Hehehe...

Added it the last time  
you dropped by the  
garage for body job.

Thought you  
would've heard  
from Chip n' Dale.

What??  
What's  
wrong?

NOBODY  
EVER FRIGGIN'  
ASKS ME BEFORE  
TAMPERIN' WITH THE  
BLOODY SHIP.  
SODAMMIT!!

UH, SORRY.  
HE'S JUST A  
BIT CRANKIER  
THAN USUAL  
TODAY ...

In any case, we sealed up  
the keyhole in Agrabah, so  
that's outta the way ...

We also managed to  
get a page from the  
Ansem Report on-site

GOOD TO  
HEAR, KIDDIES  
NICE WORK.

I TRIED  
READING THE  
THING, BUT I  
CAN'T DECIPHER  
THE WRITING AT  
ALL ...

Fax it over.

I'll have it  
decoded in a  
jiffy.

FAX!?

Convenient,  
'nuffit?

I'VE GOT LEON  
AND THE GIRLS  
OUT ON THE  
SCENE GATHER-  
ING INFORMA-  
TION ...

MALEFICENT'S  
DEFINITELY ON  
THE MOVE.



There's been a series of premeditated kidnappings across the multiverse, perpetrated by our good friends, the Heartless. Intel has it that the individuals targeted have a few, uh, common traits ...



I see...

For now, just concentrate on sealing away the keyholes ...

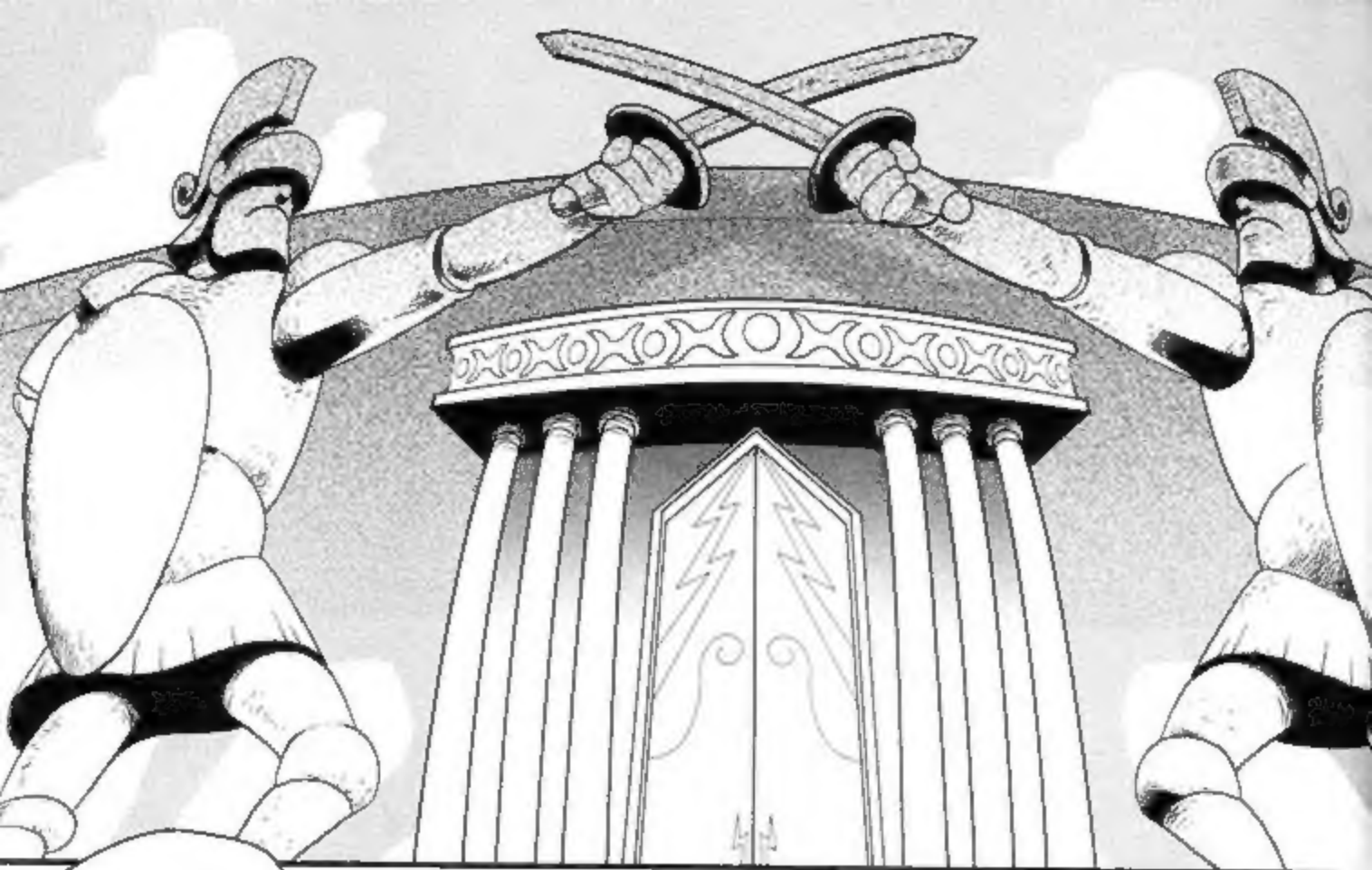
I GOT IT!



SO THAT'S THE NEXT WORLD, HUH...







WOW...

COOL  
GATE ...

ER, AHM.  
THIS HERE IS THE  
COLISEUM OF  
OLYMPUS.

FAMOUS WARRIORS  
FROM ALL OVER THE  
MULTIVERSE GATHER AT  
THIS STADIUM REGULARLY  
TO PIT THEMSELVES  
AGAINST EACH OTHER  
IN A MIXED MARTIAL  
ARTS TOURNAMENT...  
THAT'S RIGHT!

MARTIAL ARTS  
TOURNAMENT!!!

WE DON'T  
HAVE TIME TO  
PARTICIPATE,  
SORA!

INFORMATION  
←

C'MON, JUST  
LEMMIE DO IT  
FER ONE  
EENSY-  
WEENSY BIT?

RULES



GOOD  
TIMING. GIVE  
ME A HAND,  
WILL YA?

UM...

RULES

MOVE THAT  
PEDESTAL  
OVER THERE  
FOR ME.

HUH?

UH... SURE,  
I GUESS...

OH, SO NOW  
YOU'RE IN  
SOMEBODY'S  
JANITORIAL  
STAFF?

AWW,  
SHADDAP!

THIS AIN'T  
SO TOUGH  
...

HYAA!

Urk...

NGWAARH!!!!

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!!

What, Herc!?! Too heavy!?

Since when the hell did you become such a weak piece of...

OH, WRONG PERSON. WE'RE CLOSED RIGHT NOW SO YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK DURING BUSINESS HOURS

UH, HI. I'M INTERESTED IN ENTERING THE TOURNAMENT ...

SORAAA

HAH!

\*YOU\* WANT TO ENTER THE TOURNAMENT!?

YOU CAN'T EVEN MOVE SOME MEASLY MARBLE PEDESTAL!!

**LISTEN UP,  
PIPSQUEAK!!**

**This is a  
"Heroes-Only"  
tournament!!**

**HEROES  
ONLY!**

**YOU WANNA  
COMPETE?  
SHOW ME  
YER ENTRY  
TICKET, OR  
GET LOST!**

**I DOUBT YOU  
HAVE ONE OR  
I WOULD'VE  
HEARD**

**HUH! CAN'T  
EVEN MOVE  
ONE MEASLY  
LITTLE  
PEDESTAL ...**

**Hm~**

**Hmph~**

**Friggin' go  
home kid!!**

**STUPID OLD  
GOAT-MAN!!**

**YEAH!!  
WE'VE GOT  
ONE OF YER  
SO-CALLED  
"HEROES"  
RIGHT HERE!!**

**HE'S THE CHOSEN  
OF THE KEYBLADE!!  
THAT'S GOTTA BE  
WORTH SOMETHING!!**

**YEAH!!**

**AHYUK**


**YOU TELL 'IM,  
DONALD!!**

**TAKIN' ME FOR  
A KID AND ALL!**

**Honestly ... the old goat's  
getting more stubborn by  
the year ...**


**Can't have him ignoring  
young talent like  
yourself, can we?**






I tell ya, it's all just petty favoritism. Phil's got this student named Heracles or something, and just 'cause the kid's a quick study, he's become the apple of the old fart's eye.


We get new blood in here every year, and the fool just passes them over to dedicate more of his time to the marble-board stud. Doesn't stop for a moment to consider what'll happen once his wonder-boy retires from the championship.



Ah, sorry. Didn't mean for you to hear all that. There's been a lot on my mind recently ...

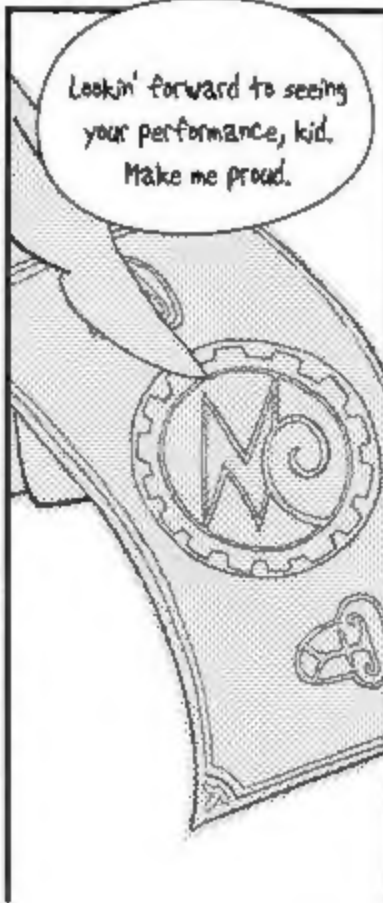


AND YOU ARE ... ?



I see you're here to apply as a rookie, though. I think I might be able to help you out.

I can tell just from looking that you've got the eyes of a true hero ...



Lookin' forward to seeing your performance, kid. Make me proud.



A TICKET!

CAN I REALLY TAKE IT?



WHAT!!!?

It can't be ... it ain't  
a counterfeit ...

SONNA LET  
ME IN NOW?

WELL...

ALRIGHT.

...  
HOWEVER!

I'M PUTTING  
YOU THROUGH  
A CRASH  
COURSE IN  
TRAINING  
FIRST!!!!

SIT TIGHT AND  
I'LL HAVE YOU  
AS FIT AS A  
BODY-BUILDER  
IN NO TIME!!

EH/P

The market's playing itself  
right into my hands, what with  
the Keyblade brat sittin'  
himself down right here in my  
backyard ...

Listen up, sorry. You're probably gonna  
cross the kid on your way up the ladder in  
the tournament. No holding back in the  
ring if it happens. I want you to finish  
him. Make sure he's a goner.



THE DIVINITY  
THAT HOLDS  
DOMINION UPON  
LAND OF THE DEAD  
IS AFRAID OF ONE  
MEASLY BRAT?

I'M SORRY, BUT  
MY CONTRACT  
CLEARLY STATES  
THAT I NEED  
ONLY TO ELIMI-  
NATE HERCULES  
...



I know! You think  
I don't know?

I wrote the  
damned thing!

Just add it on  
the tab, alright?

I ain't disposin' of  
him cause I'm  
afraid of him. I've  
got my reasons.

I don't pay you ask  
questions. Just do  
your job and leave  
the details to me.



...Hmph.

Stiffer than the  
stiffs back home.

